

Soccer Slaughter As Wycombe Go On Ten Goals Spree

by Argus
Wycombe Wanderers 10,
Ilford 0

SOCCER slaughter on a grand scale was enacted at Loakes Park on Saturday. Ilford, ravaged by the attentions of professional club scouts and stricken by injuries, collapsed like a tired old sack

against a rampaging Wycombe Wanderers forward line which was in sudden-death shooting form.

This was no way to treat old enemies. Wycombe kept up a withering fire from start to finish and the game became a farce during the second half as goals came with laughable, incredible ease.

Dauntless Dickey Bush, Ilford's second-string goalkeeper, collected the ball out of the back of his goalnet nine times and still had the nerve to brilliantly parry Len Worley's scorching shot as Wanderers pressed on to double figures.

But Wycombe—merciless destroyers of reputations—kept up a white-hot pressure and Patil Bates, salmon-leaping through the air, headed a glorious tenth goal, perhaps the "pick of the bunch"

ALL SCORED

All the home forwards helped themselves to a goal, leading plunderers being centre-forward Peter James, a human whirlwind who showed Tommy Lawton-type accuracy "off the deck", and Paul Bates, a muddy mystery to the hypnotised Ilford defenders who never knew where to find him. Both snapped three goals.

Equally tantalising were wingers Gerald Free and Len Worley, both keeping up the high standard they set against Dulwich Hamlet. The massive, ponderous Grahame Bell-chamber, moved from centre-half to mark Worley, spent an afternoon of misery chasing springheeled Len and when the frustrated Ilford defenders became rough and tough in the closing stages he had his name taken following a trip incident.

With Bates as his partner, young Gerald Free is really out of the doldrums. He had another "dream" game, beating his full-back from all angles and laying on a stream of passes into the battleground of the Ilford goalmouth.

This Wycombe forward line has really clicked and Loakes

Park selectors can afford to chortle with pleasure at this crucial stage of the League programme. With Bates operating fluidly and craftily in midfield, James sharing the brunt of the goalmouth duels with Cliff Trott and Free and Worley in magical wing form, the goals just have to come.

Ilford, once one of the "toughest nuts" in the Isthmian League, were made to look a disorganised rabble.

Ironically, it was full-back John Beck who began the massacre. Bush had tipped aside a full-blooded drive from Bates and from the corner the ball swung clear to Beck. A great shot sailed past the goalkeeper as he tried to regain his ground—a typical quick-thinking goal by one of the League's most enterprising backs.

BATES GOES SOLO

A dazzling solo goal by Bates, who glided through the sticky mud to baffle two defenders made it 2-0 after twenty minutes and Trott, anticipating Fryer's pass cleverly, and James, swivelling sharply to fire in a beauty, gave Wanderers a formidable half time lead.

Two superb goals in a minute by Peter James, both laid on by Free centres, paralysed Ilford almost as soon as the second half started and it was mainly a question of stoats and rabbits for the rest of the game.

Wycombe could do little wrong. Just as if they needed it, they were helped by a Worley "freak" goal, the ball somehow skidding into the net past an unsighted goalkeeper.

Thoughts were very much centred on goal averages and there was no letting up by the Wanderers forwards who kept up a savage bombardment. Free slammed goal number eight and in the final ten minutes, Bates wandered almost casually into the Ilford penalty area and hit the ninth. Soon afterwards he put Wycombe statisticians out of their agony by heading a tenth.

Seldom could the Wanderers defence have had a quieter game. Goalkeeper Dennis Syrett scarcely had a shot to save in a pathetically one-sided affair.